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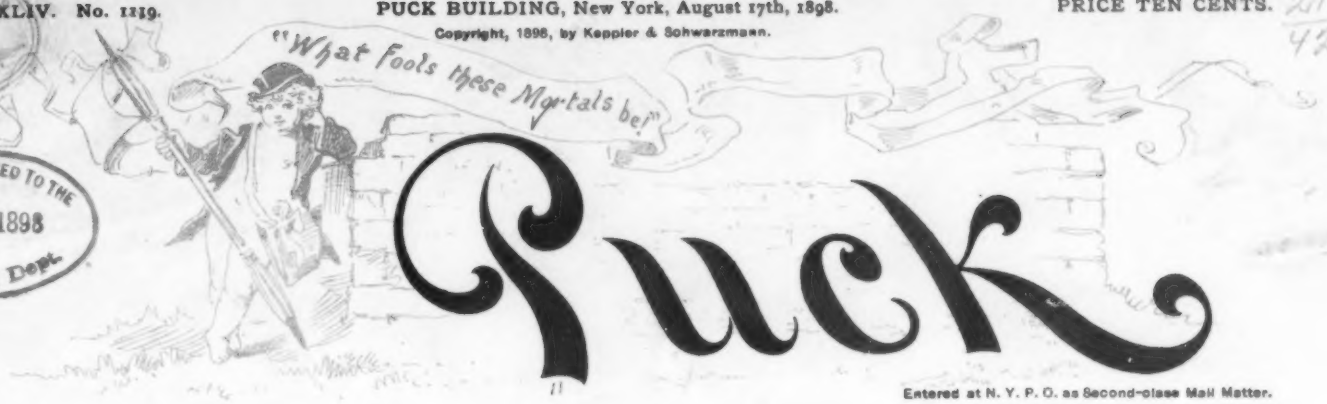

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PUTTING YELLOW JOURNALISM IN ITS PLACE.

THE HERO OF SANTIAGO HAS DONE MANY GOOD THINGS, AND THIS IS NOT THE LEAST OF THEM.

AP101
P7

30701

REFORM IN CHICAGO.

SOME OF the greatest changes and reformations the world has ever witnessed have had most humble beginnings. The general reader of history will readily assent to this, while those less fully informed have but to turn over the leaves of any encyclopœdia to become convinced of its verity. The clandestine meeting of a few persons in a dwelling-house has led to the fall of an empire.

Last week, in Chicago, it is stated on good authority, a gathering of the kind indicated was held. Who can tell where the influence of the germ thus precipitated into life, will end. A small coterie from amongst the very best people assembled at the home of a Drexel Boulevard resident. The discontent which caused the meeting was not of a sudden or volcanic growth. It had been accumulating for weeks and months; some maintain even over a year.

"Who says we are compelled to bear the intolerable burden any longer?" exclaimed the first speaker to address the gathering. "It is not true. I can prove to any unprejudiced investigator that the Stock Yards is not the greatest thing in Chicago."

At this point there was a flutter of applause from the ladies present.

"We have a right to assemble as we have done this evening, to protest and to show our dissatisfaction at our worthy Mayor's recent remarks, when he stated for publication in a leading journal of this city, that, in his opinion, the Stock Yards was the greatest point of interest in Chicago. We have all been doing ourselves injustice every time we thought it was. We are here this evening to exclaim against the usual method of entertaining visitors to our city. What is the customary course when a man of title or note reaches this wonderful metropolis? He is met at whichever station he comes in at, by a body of representative citizens, taken immediately in hand, and given a repast at their expense which does honor to our civilization. Then he is hurried off to — where? Where is he first hurried off to? The beautiful Logan Statue on the Lake front? No. The Weather Bureau on top of the Auditorium? No. To where a flotilla of yachts bask like sea anemones in the slanting sunlight of Lincoln Park? No. To where the new Public Library rears its patriarchal head amidst vast prospering commercial enterprises? No. To where the scintillating waters of Lake Michigan dash ten thousand times a day against the wonderful pebbly beach at Jackson Park? No! No! He is taken to none of these. He is rushed, projected as it were into the Stock Yards. Where have they taken that long and illustrious line of titled people who have illuminated Chicago with their presence? Where did they take the brother of Count Chinchillachowski of Poland? Where did they take the equerry to the Prince of Boggley Wallah? Where did they take the uncle of the brother of the first cousin of the heir apparent to the throne of Bavaria?

"But, ladies and gentlemen, it shall not go on. The times has come when Chicago's art and Chicago's cultivation will not tolerate it."

The speaker sat down amidst great applause. A number of addresses of a like tenor followed. Then refreshments, consisting of an ice-cream brick and ham and pickled tongue sandwiches were served.

The matter thus raised is not to be allowed to drop. It is rumored it will enter largely into the municipal elections in the Fall.

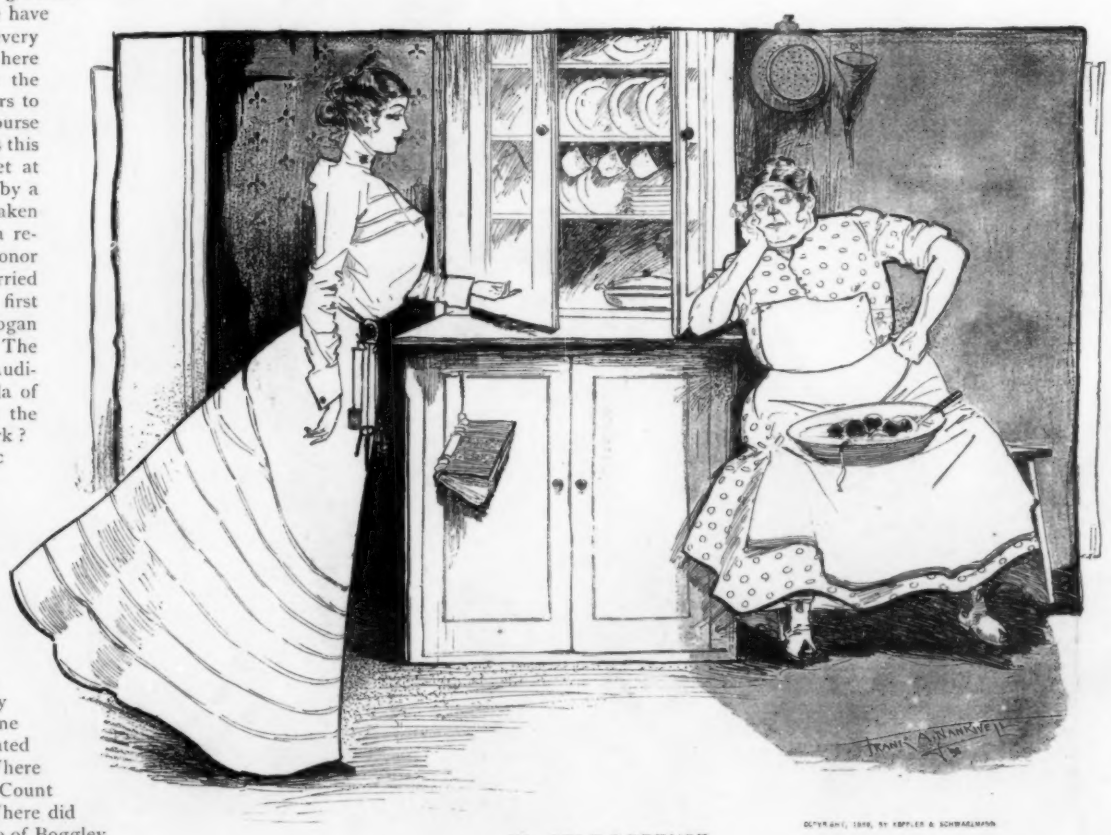
AT LAST!!

FIRST VETERAN.—I tell you, these modern improvements in long-range guns and chilled-steel projectiles have made war a good deal riskier than it was in our day.

SECOND VETERAN.—Yes; I see that somebody has invented a gun now which, at a thousand yards, will go clear through a small pocket Bible carried over a man's heart.

CRIPPLED SPAIN.

Spain lost her head when war began,
Was on her last legs from the start;
And now, while giving up her arms,
She surely must be losing heart.



IN SELF-DEFENSE.

MRS. NEWLYWED.—Bridget, what did you do with that brandy I sent down for the sauce?

BRIDGET.—Well, ter tell yez th' god's troot, Mum, ye young housekapers give me such a pain I had t' tek it mesilf!

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NOTED BY AN OBSERVER.

SETH HASKINS. — Thet 's suthin' like thet game of shinny we used ter play, ain't it?
LEM PUSLEY. — Them sticks are like it; but the clothes ain't, by gum!

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"THE KING IS DEAD—LONG LIVE THE KING!"

HYPOTHECATING HIS EXPECTATIONS.

"I suppose Spriggins anticipates a lot of money from his scheme?"

"Well, he 's trying to anticipate it!"

"What do you mean?"

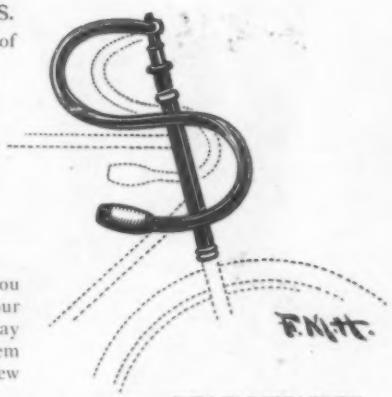
"He 's trying to borrow money on the strength of what he hopes to make."

HER IDEA.

WIFE. — Can't you get them to double your salary while I am away this Summer? Tell them it will only be for a few weeks.

HUSBAND.—I am afraid not. Why, they would laugh at me!

WIFE *(proudly)*. — Well, there 's one thing you can do. You can resign your position!



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THE HANDLE BARS ON MR. ISAACSTEIN'S WHEEL.

TWO SIDES TO THIS.

"We were always friends," said the Briton.

"Of course!" replied the American.

"The regrettable part of it," added the Briton, suavely, "is that we ever separated."

HAVING THE courage of your convictions is very commendable, but there is no use being so aggressive as to make it rashness.

THE HIRED MAN.

HOW LITTLE use literature has made of the hired man! And yet who that has seen him can doubt that in songs of love and the hazy moonlight his name would add an inspiration and a witchery?

With blue overalls and one gallus, and a wondrous slouched hat of straw, than which there is none better in the stack, who, that has once seen the hired man, can doubt that if he should see him again he would look the same?

Often when I muse upon the sad changes of life I love to turn and muse upon the hired man who never changes. Schools of philosophy may rise and fall, arts may progress beyond the dreams of skill, science may demonstrate deeper secrets of being, and yet the hired man remains true to his earliest convictions, and to his robust, off-hand opinions upon the easy problems of the cosmos.

I see the hired man stopping beneath the apple-tree, and gazing up with clear, untroubled look to determine which apple in the clear air is the brightest, biggest and best. He tosses another apple at it, and it is his. Does he then, like the sickly scholar, pause to wonder at the marvel of its growth, at its purity and delicacy? Not he. He simply rubs it off on his overalls, and, turning it thrice about, and opening ever wider his mouth as he realizes its great size, he at last obtains its dimensions and bites out the nearest half of it with the precision and satisfaction of a master. Then he looks up into the tree for another apple; and, while incidentally finishing the first, he arranges his device against the second. When he eats the apple he does not move his jaw vertically, like the fallible and the doubtful: he moves it horizontally, like a hired man, conscious of his power. Four times from the "histie stibble field" he will go to the pump for water, in the afternoon, and eight times he will stop beneath the apple-tree: and each time he will eat an equal infinite number of apples and put some in his pockets; and, yet, at night he will be consumed with hunger.

Oh, thrice-blessed hired man!

On Sundays the hired man is in love. Then he ornaments himself, and with rich habiliments and a blue necktie he drives out in a top buggy with his girl. His honest face, red with the harvest sun, and unpaled by thought, shines redder for the steel-blueness of his necktie, and his hair, new-cropped, shows a white cerebellum against the redness of his face which, richly bespread, sweeps into a last profusion of flame in the redness of his ears.

But, because he is tanned by the Summer's rays, does he say to his inamorata, "Mislike me not for my complexion, the shadowed livery of the burnished sun?" Never have I heard a hired man say this. But he lets his horse out, and the dust that he raises on the Summer roads would, in the eye of an experienced general, betoken the movement of an army corps. Yet such are the beauty and freshness of his girl (you would love her yourself), that not all the heat of Summer can flush her face, and not all the dust can dim her freshness.

All the silent afternoon they drive far away on winding roads, and every other gala-day buggy the lover passes in a whirl of dust, for that is the mark of a true knight: and where in the far-surrounding regions the lover turns about to come home there is none knoweth, for communication does not exist to parts so far away; but when he does turn about he makes his horse progress at a walk, and if there is another vehicle on the road it passes him, for that is the mark of a true knight. And while the lovers are trailing homeward evening has fallen, and a sweet scent comes from the fields: the moon is up and the dust is laid with the dew.

Who would not be a hired man, and have fine apparel for Sundays, and a sweetheart like the sweethearts of Burns, and through the week live out in the air, and see the plow-land widen, and eat apples and wish for sundown?

Williston Fish.

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A REAL BLESSING.

WEARY WILLY.—Dese bicyclists are a blessing to us in one way.
TORN TOMKINS.—How 's dat?
WEARY WILLY.—It gives de dogs something else to think about besides us.

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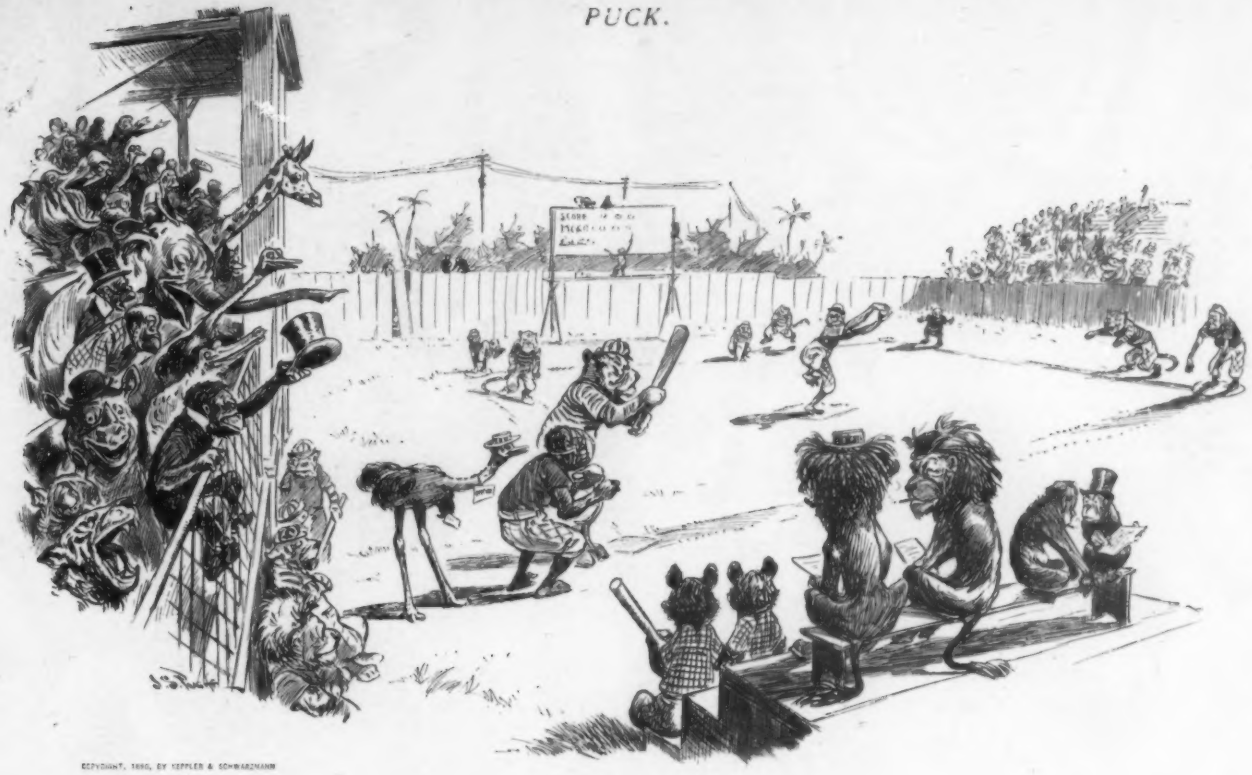
HOW IT FELT.

DOLLY.—O Mama! Something is the matter with my foot.
MOTHER.—Why, your foot is asleep, dear!
DOLLY.—Asleep! Oh, my! It must have the nightmare!



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DANGEROUS, INDEED!

FIRST SPECTATOR.—Those Tigers are a pretty dangerous team.
SECOND SPECTATOR.—I should say so! I heard they chewed up a couple of umpires last week.

OVERHEARD.

I OVERHEARD two lovers once, parting at midnight;
'Neath the stars and silver moon they swore eternal fealty.
Bayard Taylor was too mild:
"'Til the sun grows cold
And the stars grow old,
And the leaves of the judgment-book unfold,"
Is but bald affirmation to the oaths they made.
I could not see the gentle pair, nor could I stir
Without inflicting on them cardiac palpitation
With symptoms of collapse.

He said "good-night" as any man might say it;
But something seemed to catch within her breast
When she essayed the words. I, in my male conceit,
Deemed that I knew the good old English tongue.
Ah! fatal error! How she took that little phrase
And made it a caress, a plea, command to stay!
With in-drawn breath, tremulous, tender, fond,
She breathed in three soft-sounding syllables,
"Good nigh-yet."

The more she said "adieu," the more he did not go;
He could not wring from those two words
The wealth of sentiment she did; but he could say,
"Good-night, my dear?" (inflection rising) in a way
Most asinine to me;—benign to her—because
She caught her breath, was silent for a moment,
Then, defiant of all rules, evolved again
Another syllable, enveloped in a cloud
Of misty tenderness, something like this:
"Goo-od nigh-yet."

Caught in a whirl of dreams, I stood and mused:
Five years from thence, would he thus hold her to him,
And vow so many vows? Or, would he, *more majorum*, say,
"I'll go and talk to Jones while you undress the girls,"
And then, with pipe and paper, stalk away?
Just here, unconsciously, I scratched a match;—
The other flame went out; a swish of drapery
And the odor of the soul of a dead violet
Apprised me of my sin.
And ever since
I've felt a subtle longing to be made
Receiver for a bankruptcy of bliss, with assets
Of three syllables or four, or more.
"Good nigh-yet!" *Irwin Beaumont.*

FOR PRESENT REQUIREMENTS.

ASSISTANT.—We need some more lithographs of the star.
MANAGER.—Well, use the photograph she had taken in eighty-one!

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HIS MISTAKE.

MAY KNOTT.—I did not think Jack would marry.
DEWITT.—Neither did he. He considered himself an immune.

THE OYSTER AND THE HEN; A FABLE.

AN OYSTER, which had but lately left its bed, strolled into a barnyard on the river bank one hot July morning. And, being of a discontented temperament, it began to bemoan its lot.

"Why am I so little and homely and circumscribed. Look at that proud and beautiful rooster. He has everything to be thankful for, whereas I have nothing."

Even as he spoke a man came out of the house with an ax in his hand and cut off the head of the rooster. "You 'll do for my dinner," said he.

Said the Oyster to a hen who was hiding under a burdock leaf, "Why, there is no 'r' in this month! Why was the rooster killed?"

Said the hen, "Lucky oyster! you are safe all Summer, but one month is as good as another to kill a fowl in."

Whereat the Oyster perceived that it had much to be thankful for. But its joy was of short duration, for a child who knew not the calendar came along at this juncture, and made short work of the bivalve.

It 's too hot for a moral. *C. B. Loomis.*

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DRAMATIC CRITICISM.

UNCLE HIRAM *(at the play)*. — That man with the black moustache is a hired assassin, ain't he?

CITY NEPHEW.—Yes.

UNCLE HIRAM.—Well, they 'd ought to get him cheap!

ASKING FOR INFORMATION.

FARMER.—That field there is tobacco.

VISITOR.— Is that so? What ordinary-looking plants! When do they–er–begin to plug out?

MORE ACCURATE.

HE. — Fanny is to marry *him?* Why, it is a case of May and December!

SHE.— Say July and December. Fanny is at least thirty.

CONSTANTLY IN HIS THOUGHTS.

CHEVALIER DE BUMM *(expostulating)*. — But, Count, you can not marry zat leetul Mees Meelyuns. She ees so delicate. She remind one of ze hothouse plant.

COUNT BROKENUPSKI.—She remind me not zat vay. Ven I look at her, I am remind of ze papa's cold sto-reege plant.

THERE ARE OTHERS.

ASKINS.—What do you think of Puffington?

GRIMSHAW.— In my opinion, he is a man whose reputation would n't recognize his character if they were to meet on the public street in the bright light of noonday.

IF THERE are bacilli in a kiss, what we want, obviously, is pasteurized milk of human kindness.

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NATURAL DIVING FACILITIES.

MR. LONGSHANKS.—Come on, boys! We will go down to the beach and have some fun.

A HINT TO WRITERS.

One swallow makes no Summer,—
Deny it, there 's no use;
But often we have found that
One quill can make a goose.

AN INSULT.

THE HUMAN PINCUSHION *(in the dime-museum dressing-room)*.— Lovely Philopena, the Hyphenated Twins, seems to be in a great huff this evening.

THE HUMAN KNOT.—Yes; as she boarded an L train on her way to the theatre, the gateman insulted her by saying, "Both gates, ladies."

FATHER.—Why don't you use the other straw in your lemonade, Son? That is n't a good one.

YOUNG HOPEFUL *(aged three)*. — Nope! have n't got it all out of dis one yet.

"You want to dive? All right, go ahead! I 'll stand on this stone.

"Up you go! Follow the leader!

"That 's it! Keep the ball rolling!"

PUCK.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

PEACE WITH "IFS."

PEACE COMES with a halting gait. It will doubtless be held up a few times along the road. We are conducting our side of the negotiations with candor and celerity. The work consists chiefly in taking those things that are left untaken; and we have learned to be deft at it. Spain goes at her share of the work with less spirit. Every one knows she can have peace any day she chooses to ask for it. But, instead of asking for it bluntly, she betrays a tendency to hint. The intimation that she would like to know our peace terms, preferred through the French Ambassador, can hardly be considered more than a hint. True, it is significant of an awakening to wisdom on Spain's part, but it also signifies that she still clings to her tattered hope of European intervention. If she could but show her sister monarchies that our peace terms are such as to be a menace to other welfares beside her own, would they not combine for her in this last hour? Some such hope must be back of this first essay of hers. It pleases her to pretend that she has been shamefully abused. A study of her attitude suggests that Don Carlos is not the only pretender in Spain — not by an overwhelming majority. But, wriggle and pretend as she may, it is clear that peace is on the way, and on the route mapped out by our own Government.

CLEANSING SANTIAGO.

SANTIAGO, it appears, offered a field richly provocative of sanitary measures. The long siege, not to speak of the years of unwashed Spanish occupancy, had made a fever hole of it. Not the least important step among those taken by General Shafter was the expulsion of certain representatives of the journalism that is so aptly called yellow. That these unworthy members of an honorable craft greatly aggravated the unhealthful conditions in and around the city there can be no doubt. Nor can there be doubt that their removal will materially lessen the danger of those who must remain there. If the New York *World* and the *Journal*, the two papers concerned, are put to any great inconvenience, they may take it out in blaming themselves. In their mad race for the yellow premiership they forgot that martial law is not so long-suffering as public decency. The *World* hatched the impressive scheme of taking charge of the surrender ceremonies at Santiago; and, when the *World* representative was unfeelingly balked in this design, he sought to chastise the Major General ostensibly commanding the United States Army. He was soon outside of the city feeling of his sore places. The *Journal*, inspired perhaps by this piece of enterprise, apparently sought to outdo it by precipitating a massacre of the Spaniards that had surrendered; and, to this end, lit up the dead walls of Santiago with flaming posters reading "Remember the Maine!" This display of the exquisite taste so characteristic of the *Journal* secured the expulsion of its entire staff of correspondents and artists from the afflicted place. The contest to determine which is yellower will be settled by the two papers outside of Santiago. And the thanks of the city's people are due to General Shafter for his humane action.

THE PRICE OF PEERS.

IT IS PUCK'S painful duty to view with grief, not unmixed with alarm, the vulgar scoffing of the mob evoked by the unfortunate disclosure that British Peers sometimes work for a living. Why this rude merriment? Has not the mob complained throughout this democratic half-century that Peers do not earn their keep? And is not here the best of evidence to the contrary? Is the scoff because they have chosen to do the kind of work they are best fitted to do? That were going against the very basic laws of economy. Should a work-intending Peer become a bricklayer or a bus-driver at a beggarly wage when he can earn thousands of pounds by impressing the middle-class British mind with the superlative worth of certain stock companies? Those Peers that fell in with Mr. Ernest Terah Hooley were not of this mind; at least so Mr. Hooley swears. How much saner of the Earl of Delawarr, for example, to earn twenty-five thousand pounds by allowing his beautiful name to ornament one of Mr. Hooley's lists of directors than to try to make the same sum by manual labor! The Earl of Albermarle made less than half that, but he made it quite as gracefully. And Lord Deerhurst, Lord Ashburton, the Earl of Norbury and the Earl of Warwick, who each earned two thousand pounds by introducing Mr. Hooley to others of their class, are admirable examples of courage, tact and industry. Are these exalted ones to be rebuffed when they show signs of a wish to get into the busy world and help it along? It is a healthy sign and all scoffing thereat is indelicate. PUCK sincerely hopes that the price-list of Peers as published by Mr. Hooley may not depreciate the value of this commodity so graciously thrown into the open market.

"SINCE MERT GOT BACK."

MERT TYLER 's back from Cuby
With a gun an' ca'tridge-belt,
A yaller hat an' leggin's
An' a big hole in his pelt;
We 've got no use fer newspapers
Er nothin' thataway,
Since Mert got back from Cuby.
Hooray! Hooray!! Hooray!!!

Will Frost.

ACCORDING TO GUGGENHEIMER.

SMITH.—That man Jones is a two-dollar fool.
BROWN.—Why do you call him a two-dollar fool?
SMITH.—Because it costs two dollars to say "damn."

REVISED.

BIGGS.—They have changed that old saying about the pot calling the kettle black.
BOGGS.—Yes?
BIGGS.—They now speak of the *World* calling the *Journal* yellow.

EASTWARD AND WESTWARD.

"We 'll undoubtedly annex Porto Rico and the Philippines."
"Oh, yes! The Star of Empire is going both ways."

WORSE THAN DEATH.

JONES.—Why did you back out after volunteering to lead that forlorn hope? Are you afraid of death?
SMITH.—No; but I don't care to be known as "Fighting Jim Smith" all the rest of my life.

COMPELLING PRESTIGE.

"What is awe, Papa?"
"Well, it is the feeling your mother has towards other women who buy their gowns in Paris!"

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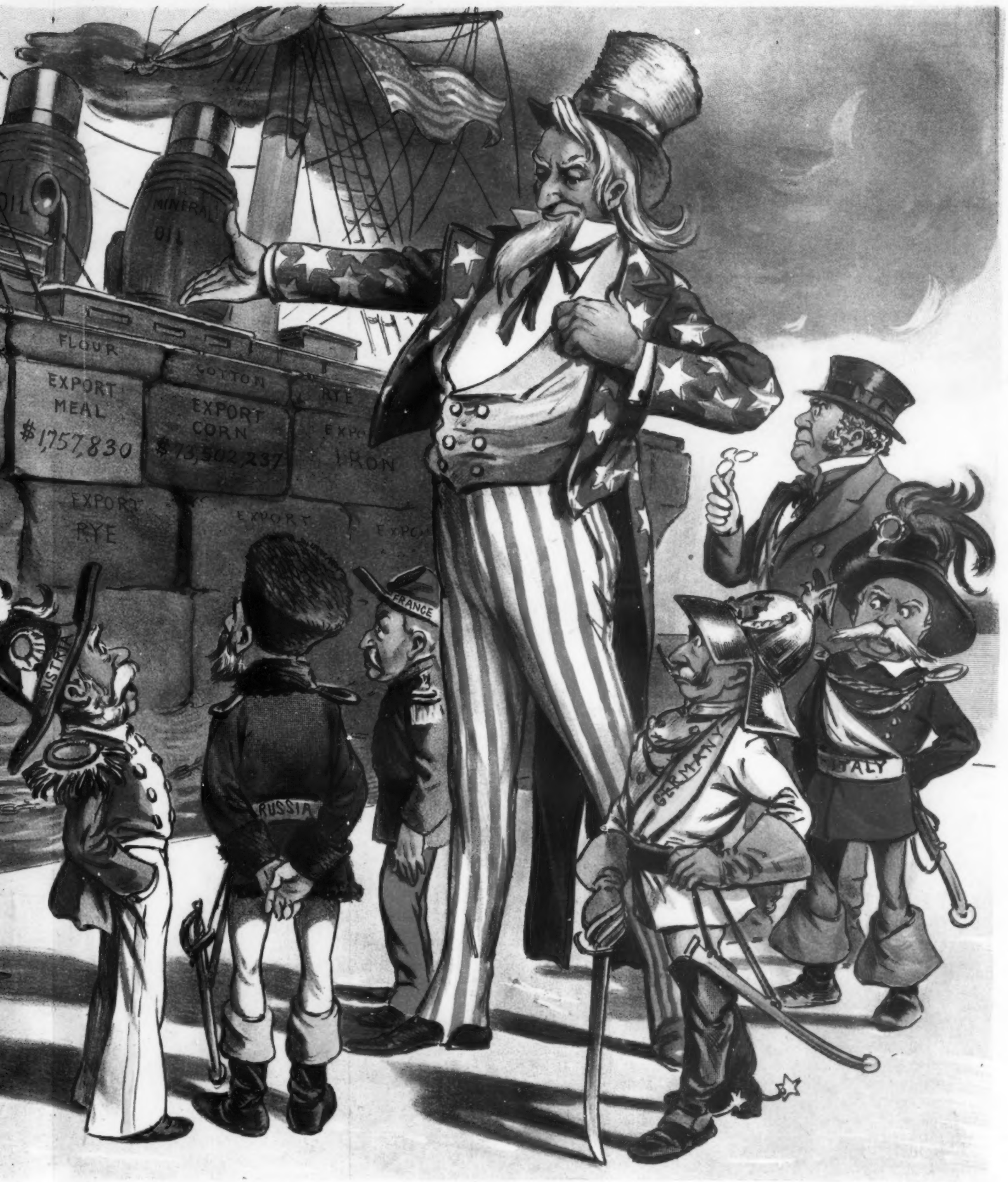
WEAK.

FADLEY.—Bah! He makes me tired! He is a man who has no mind of his own.
HADLEY.—What makes you think so?
FADLEY *(in disgust)*.—*Think* so? I *know* so! Why, that man has no personal plan for conducting the war! Now, what do you think of *that?* Just goes by what the people at Washington say!

J. OTTMANN LITH. CO. PUCK BLDG. N.Y.

ANOTHER REVELATION

UNCLE SAM.—Here is a ship more powerful than my s



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ELATION OF STRENGTH.

werful than my strongest ship of war. You *can't* resist it!

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WILLING.

SHE.—I s'pose if yer drunk too much of dis here sodar it 'd make yer sick.
HE.—I s'pose so. I wish I could git enough to try it.

THE VIEWS OF VIOLA.

"IT IS very, very evident," quoth Viola, somewhat crossly, "that the reformer is not wanted nowadays.

"It is just this," she continued, with fine scorn; "everybody knows that it is quite, quite time that the bicycle craze was over. We girls can't ride to business because we have no business; we can't ride to the club because we have no clubs; we can't use our bicycles except when some man condescends to ask us to ride with him. We are not considered absolutely—well, nice, you know, if we ride alone. Now, what 's the good of a form of exercise that requires a male companion before it can be indulged in? That 's what I want to know.

"Of course, you don't know! There is n't any! And so the other day I said to myself. 'Now, there 's my mare. She has n't been ridden for whole months simply because I own a silly steel wheel."

Viola paused in her narrative, and gazed perplexedly out to sea. The color deepened in Viola's cheeks.

"So I started in as a reformer. I resolved to emancipate my sex from the grasp of the wheel. I pictured my name going down to posterity beside that of Dr. Mary Walker, and Mrs. Miller, and — and — thanks! Mrs. Bloomer. Bright and early this morning I ordered my mare. The groom was thunderstruck, but he rallied and saddled up. I was a little late in getting off, because I found my habit was in a most terrible condition. But thread and needle fixed that, and, at eight o'clock I started. Nancy was very, very restless, and — will you believe it? — I felt real nervous. I had n't ridden for so long that I scarcely knew how.

"As a reformer I could not be dependent upon any one. So I left the groom at home. All went well until we had passed the station. Then we began to meet with wheels. Oh! I never, never thought there could be so many wheels! Every one I ever knew was out for a morning spin. And they all looked so strange, as much as to say, 'Does n't she know that *we* are not riding horses nowadays? Does n't she look odd and old-fashioned?'

"I held my head high and tried to look happy and comfy. But how could I when Nancy was shying and squealing at every bicycle? And that saddle was so — so hard! Oh! you don't know what agony I experienced every time one of those horrid, horrid bicycles flew into sight! At the railroad bridge I turned and started toward home. And then — well, how it happened I don't know; but I went off. Please don't be absurd. No; I was n't hurt a bit. Nancy seemed real sorry, and came up and let me catch her. But then I could n't find anything to mount from. There was n't a stone or a stump or a fence or — or anything in sight! And just then a man and a bicycle came along. He wore a purple and yellow sweater and chewed gum.

"He saw that I was in trouble, though I drew myself up and tried to look as though I *always* led my horse. He stopped.

"'Can I be of any assistance?' he asked.

"'I 'm afraid not,' I answered; 'I hardly suppose you know much about horses?'

"'No, I don't,' said he; 'I 've always preferred a wheel; it 's rather more reliable, you know.'

"Now, was n't that — what is it, you say? — yes, 'rubbing it in?' Well, I let him try. I told him how to hold his hands and how to lift quickly when I sprang up; but — well, it was n't a success! And he seemed so very, very sorry and embarrassed. And I — I 'm afraid I got rather cross. I 'm sure I said he was stupid. Then he thought and thought, and people came by on wheels and stopped and looked, and said things and went on. But, of course, no one I *knew*. Finally, he — the man in the purple and yellow s-sweater suggested that I could put one foot on the saddle of his bicycle and get up that way!

"Imagine my feelings — as a reformer! But that 's what I did, finally. He held Nancy and the bicycle, and I climbed onto the wheel, somehow, and somehow got into the saddle again. Then I thanked him, very, very coldly, and he went on. No; I don't want any breakfast; I could n't eat a mouthful. Well, just a cup of coffee, then, if you 'll bring it out here! And, and, would it be asking too much of you to find Thomas and ask him to have my bicycle cleaned up at once? I think that after awhile I 'll go out and scare a few horses! Oh! you may come if you don't mind my ill-temper."

Richard Stillman Powell.

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HIS EXCUSE.

ISAACS.—Vell, I see you did n't enlisdt.
COHENSTEIN.—I guess nod! Dey 're feedin' der army on pork undt beans.

THE PASSING REGIMENT.

I.

HEAR THE regiment a-coming —
Rub-a-dub!
Hear the sturdy drummer drumming —
Rub-a-dub!
Hear the loud and mighty beat
Of the countless soldier feet
On the pavement of the street —
Rub-a-dub!
R-r-rub, dub, dub —
R-r-rub, dub, dub —
Rub-a-dub, rub-a-dub,
Rub, dub, dub!
The regiment 's passing with drum and with fife;
Did ever you hear such a noise in your life?

II.

See the Colonel's horse a-rearing —
Rub-a-dub!
See the Major's scornful bearing —
Rub-a-dub!
See the Captain's trusty blade —
Of the finest lath 't is made;
See his lovely red cockade —
Rub-a-dub!

III.

Hear the fife its challenge shrieking —
Tootle-toot!
Eagerly the combat seeking —
Tootle-toot!
Hear the drum's deep-voiced defying,
See the pretty flags a-flying;
Mercy me! the noise is trying —
Tootle-toot!

IV.

See the private, slowly lagging —
Rub-a-dub!
Tired out with marches fagging
Rub-a-dub!
Musket trailed and cap askew,
Shoes untied, and apron, too;
Goodness gracious! that 's our Sue!
Rub-a-dub!

V.

R-r-rub, dub, dub —
R-r-rub, dub, dub —
Rub-a-dub, rub-a-dub,
Rub, dub, dub!
The regiment 's passing with drum and with fife;
Did ever you hear such a noise in your life?

Richard Stillman Powell.

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EVIDENCE.

FIRST SUBURBANITE. — Jones has lived a long time in our town, has n't he?

SECOND SUBURBANITE. — I think so. He told me that when he moved here he used to take five grains of quinine at a time, while now it takes thirty to touch him.

WHICH?

"It 's owing to the war," said the young author, as he gazed disconsolately at the beggarly array of empty benches through the peep-hole in the curtain.

"I 'm disposed, myself, to think it 's owing to the piece," said the young author's backer.

The young author did not smile. The prosperity of a jest is said to lie in the ear of him that heareth, and prosperity was conspicuously absent in his vicinage.

RECONSIDERED.

HIS WIFE. — There is my dressmaker's bill. Please draw a check for it.

THE JUDGE *(absent-mindedly)*. — I will take the papers and reserve my decision.

HIS WIFE. — You will — *what?*

THE JUDGE. — Motion granted — with costs.

HAVE NOT REACHED THAT POINT.

"The competition among the bicycle makers has been very keen, has n't it?"

"Very! Still, I have n't heard of any of them giving away sample wheels."

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NEUTRAL GROUND.

DOODY. — Cholly 's gone to England foah the Summer.
DASHERLY. — Cholly always did like to be on the safe side.

HIS IMPRESSION.

BROWN. — Is n't millennium a Latin word?

SMITH. — Yes; I think it means "money to burn," or something like that.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

"Inkwell, the playwright, is as happy as a king."

"What is the cause of his joy?"

"The royalties on his new play."

TOO MUCH FOR HIM.

WILLY. — Strange about Robinson. He says he 's just learned how little he knows.

WALLACE. — Well, what of it?

WILLY. — Why, it has given him the greatest case of bighead on record!

AT THE HEALTH RESORT.

GUEST. — Lovely climate, is n't it?

HOTEL PROPRIETOR. — Best in the world! Why, the temperature is a golden mean between Cuba and the Klondike!

WE ALL have a great deal to be thankful for; but, then, we have so many other things to think about.

IT is pure foolishness to talk more than a half hour on any subject, except base-ball. — *Adams Freeman.*

Three of a Kind

beat two pairs, but one pair of

Endwell Braces

beats two pairs of any other make.

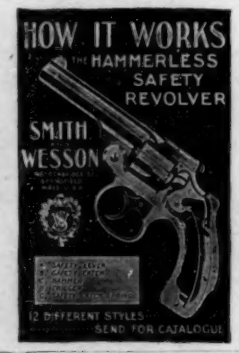
It's in the "graduated" cord ends—
Elastic in places for comfort;
Non-elastic in places for durability.

Ask your furnisher for the "Endwell," or send 50 cents for a sample pair. Cheaper model, the "C.-S.-C." for 25 cents. Scarf fastener free, to buyers, for your furnisher's name if he does not keep "Endwell Braces."

CHESTER SUSPENDER CO.
No. 4 Decatur Ave., Roxbury Crossing, Mass.

DUZBEY.—Is Sniggins clever with his pen?
DOOBEY.—No; only with his pencil. He uses a fountain pen.—*Roxbury Gazette.*

SMITH & WESSON
8 Stockbridge St., Springfield, Mass.



REVOLVERS

THE LADY. — How many meals do you get a day, my good man?

THE TRAMP. — I guess you mean how many days do I get a meal, don't you?—*Yonkers Statesman.*

PEOPLE of whom you would never suspect it are laying for a chance to get even with somebody. — *Washington Democrat.*

BARKEEPERS FRIEND

METAL POLISH—Sure, Quick, Easy. Gives a brilliant, durable lustre; never spoils; guaranteed pound box 25c. at dealers. G. W. Hoffman, Mnfr., Indianapolis, Ind.

THE REAL DIFFICULTY.

"The trouble with you," said Mr. Ruffedge's wife, after a warm debate, "is that you are a confirmed dyspeptic."

"No, my dear," was the answer; "that's not correct. The trouble with me is that I am a contradicted dyspeptic."—*Washington Star.*

WE don't see why church mice should be so poor; they don't have to help pay the minister's salary.—*West Union Gazette.*

UP to noon, a man is very hopeful of the great things he will do to-day. After that hour is passed, he puts them off until to-morrow.—*Atchison Globe.*

The Purest Type OF THE Purest Whiskey.

Hunter Baltimore Rye.

10 YEARS OLD.
RICH, FINE FLAVOR.

DEADLY DULL.

"Do you think there will be any men at the seashore this Summer?"

"Of course; the kind I met there last Summer were the kind who would n't ever find out that we are having war."—*Detroit Free Press.*

A TREASURE.

MRS. WINKS.—What kind of a girl have you now?

MRS. MINKS.—A very nice one—ever so much nicer than the others. She does n't seem to object to having us live in the house with her at all.—*New York Weekly.*

OUR idea of a good base-ball game is where the home team wins.—*Atchison Globe.*

A NOVEL EXPERIENCE.

BRITISH TOURIST.—By Jove! I had no idea a precipice could be so useful! I'll jot it down in my note-book, don't you know!

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To the Editor of the New York Times:

I noticed in *The Times's Saturday Review* for Feb. 12 a letter from Mr. William M. Morse, in which that gentleman dwelt upon his need of a list of books containing short stories of sufficient merit to be compared with "Van Bibber and Others," by Richard Harding Davis.

I would seriously advise Mr. Morse to procure a copy of "Short Sixes," by the late Henry C. Bunner, who was infinitely a better writer and a keener observer of the workings of human nature than Richard Harding Davis. Having read "Short Sixes," Mr. Morse will undoubtedly desire to read something more of the same description from the pen of Bunner, which he may find in a little volume entitled "More Short Sixes." This latter book was published shortly after the enormous success of the former, and is virtually a continuation of it. Both these volumes contain many captivating tales, most of them written in a humorous vein, with little touches of pathos, such as Bunner alone knew how to apply. WALLACE D. JENNINGS.

New York, Feb. 14, 1898.

—*N. Y. Times,* March 26, 1898.

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From "The London Sketch."

MAX O'RELL,
The Renowned Writer and Lecturer, Writes:

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THE wife wrote to her husband in camp: "I hope you will not forget those at home, dear." The soldier, in his reply, answered: "No; I won't. I think of you every day at meals. The cooking is horrible."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Those Fine English Tobaccos *Capstan, Bird's Eye, Westward Ho, Three Castles, Gold Flake, etc.*

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THE STOP-OVER PRIVILEGE.

PASSENGER.—Is this ticket good to stop off?

CONDUCTOR.—Yes'm; but it won't be good to git on again.—*New York Weekly.*

A CHICAGO paper says: "A couple were married on the north side last week." Wonder why they did n't get married all over?—*Norristown Herald.*

THE woman that married a poor man because she loved him is very apt to want her daughter to marry a rich man whether she loves him or not.—*Roxbury Gazette.*

CANDY Send $1.25, $2.10, or $3.50 for a superb box of candy by express, *prepaid* east of Denver or west of New York. Suitable for presents. Sample orders solicited. Address,
C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner,
212 State St., Chicago.

BLIXUM.—How did the amateur performance of Richard III suit the audience?

SMITHERS.—Admirably. When the curtain fell on the king in the last scene the audience rose enmasse and cheered.—*Adams Freeman.*

WOMEN always own from one to a dozen cook books, but they continue to cook things the same old way.—*Atchison Globe.*

A WOMAN with a new waist and a new jacket at the same time, has reached about the height of trouble.—*Washington Democrat.*

TEACHER.—Next scholar. What is an island?

UP-TO-DATE SCHOLAR.—An island is land surrounded by war-ships.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

"THE AGE OF CHIVALRY IS PAST."

If he had lived in days of old,
Ere tournaments were out of date,
He might have been a warrior bold,
Whose charger groaned beneath his weight,

He might have been, in days gone by,
A minstrel poor, but adipose,
Who 'd nightly twang his lute and sigh,
And to some fair one sing his woes.

But though, in former times, 'tis true,
Such might have been his lot, mayhap,
To-day he 's just a fat man who
Gives up his seat and grabs a strap.

In the English Navy *Dr. Siegert's* Angostura Bitters are well known as the great South American Tonic regulator of the digestive organs.

The letter "R" don't have to figure in the month you drink *Cook's Imperial Champagne* in. It 's extra dry and always good.

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Urbana, N. Y.

IT seems unnecessary to remark that it is hardly consistent to talk for more than three hours at a stretch on the uselessness of saying anything.—*West Union Gazette.*

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BLAIR'S PILLS
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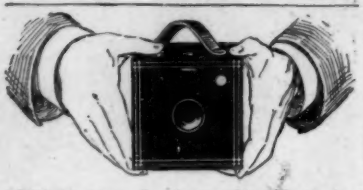

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Beeman's

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Pepsin Gum

Cures Indigestion and Sea-sickness.
All Others Are Imitations.

SMITHERS. — Pat, can you tell me why it is that in order to get a man into heaven a clergyman will continually depict the flames of hell?

PAT. — Faith, that 's easy, sir; he wants to blaze the way.—*Adams Freeman.*

A WEST UNION boy was asked why he had run all the way home from town one evening. "I did n't want to," said he, "but I jus' simply could n't hang on to my fraider, that 's all."—*West Union Gazette.*

DAGLOW. — What do you think of the weather?

SNUBLER. — Excuse me; I don't swear.—*Roxbury Gazette.*

TAKE

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With You

On Your Outing

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New York. PUCK.

JUNE BRIDE *(breaking in at housekeeping).* — What miserable little eggs again! I really must tell the grocer to let the hens sits on them a little longer. —*Roxbury Gazette.*

HOW a man's soul expands when he thinks of the debts he has paid, and how it contracts when the bill collector makes a social call! — *Adams Freeman.*

WHEN a pretty girl has good, hard sense, it indicates that she has an uncommonly sensible mother. — *Atchison Globe.*

Sozodont

FOR THE

TEETH AND BREATH.

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PAYING THE FIDDLER.

MRS. NEWLYWED. — It was just six months ago to-day, love, that you asked me to be your wife — but, Horace — why do you grow pale and tremble?

MR. NEWLYWED *(gasping feebly).* — Why, that dod-blasted six-months' note I gave for the engagement ring will be due day after to-morrow, then! I 'd forgotten all about it!

Bitters that benefit mind and body: Abbott's — The Original Angostura, build up wasted tissue, brighten up the mental, and make new men and women.

SMITH *(musing as he reads).* — I don't see how the Spanish cavalier *sat* in his retreat, unless he retreated on a wheel.—*Harper's Bazar.*

"MR. JOHNSIN, does you know whar de sailors got dot name 'tars' applied to dem?"

"Sure; in some pitched battle, of coase, suh!"—*Princeton Tiger.*

PAT. — Sure I 've lost me dog an' Oi don't know wot to do.

REPORTER. — Why don't you advertise for him?

PAT. — But faith an' th' dog can't read it if I do.—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE easier a woman cries, the less it means.—*Atchison Globe.*

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BOKER'S BITTERS

An appetizer, promotes digestion, cures dyspepsia, and delicious in drinks.

A RUSE THAT FAILED.

MR. CLOSEFIST. — Yes, child; I saw a brooch that was very pretty, but it contained an opal, and opals, you know —

HIS DAUGHTER. — But, Papa, it is n't as unlucky to have an opal as to have nothing!—*Jewelers' Weekly.*

"AMERICA'S GREAT RESORTS," — 48 pages, with map, sent free on receipt of a two-cent stamp by GEORGE H. DANIELS, G. P. A., New York Central, New York.

BUY some lamb and consider how tough it is to die young.—*West Union Gazette.*

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NEW YORK
STOP OVER ALLOWED AT WASHINGTON

PATENT EXTINGUISHER.

"Your wife seems to have a very sanguine disposition."

"Sanguine? Well, sir, she is the kind of woman who would expect to put a fire out by throwing watermelons at it!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

PARAPHRASING AN OLD SAW.

FIRST VOLUNTEER *(completing a long letter).*—It 's plain that the copy-book philosopher never used a fountain pen.

SECOND VOLUNTEER.—Why?

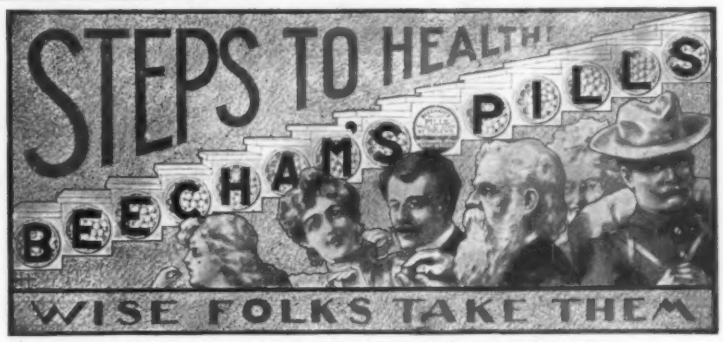
FIRST VOLUNTEER.—If he had, he 'd have written that it was dirtier than the sword.—*Jewelers' Weekly.*

OLD NO LONGER.

STRANGER.—Where do the Highminds reside? They are one of the old families of this city, I believe.

MRS. FORUNDRED.—They used to be, but Mr. Highmind failed last year.—*New York Weekly.*

IT is estimated if all the string in the world were made into one unbroken string, it would reach farther than it would be possible to estimate.—*Roxbury Gazette.*



WHY HE WANTED IT.

FARMER JONES.—You want a job, eh? I never seen the likes uv you looking fer a job before.

WEARY WRAMBLER.—Oh! it 's a mere fad wid me!—I want a job fer de same reason dat ladies go slumming—I want ter mix right in wid yer family and git morally shocked and see jest how de odder half lives, and all dat.

BACON.—Are the flies so bad up your way?

EGBERT.—I think not. A great many of them seem to go to church, Sundays.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

EVERY time the Spanish army manages to get out of the way they announce it as a great victory. It 's not altogether unlikely that that 's about the size of it, too.—*West Union Gazette.*

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"BILL tried hypnotism for insomnia."

"Did it work?"

"Fine. The doctor made him believe he was in chapel."—*Yale Record.*

MARRYING young runs in families like red hair and stuttering.—*Washington Democrat.*

A COOL, SEEK-WEST'ARD SPOT—Klondike.—*Harvard Lampoon.*

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Evans' Ale

came with the dawn of Liberty, and is as American as the United States.

The world's new standard for perfection in brewing and bottling.

A COMPLICATED ENTERPRISE.

The many-sided patriot's woe
Brings oft a weary frown
As he tries to keep his courage up
And keep his taxes down.
—*Washington Star.*

SAFE!

"Yes; we have decided to go to Newport for the Summer."

"Dear me! Are n't you afraid you 'll be bombarded by Camara's fleet?"

"No; Spain can't afford to send her officers and sailors to so expensive a place in the height of the season."—*Harper's Bazar.*

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3. War Council decides the outrage must be avenged.

5. WILLIAM THE GREATEST.—If those Missionaries only hold out, I 'll own the earth.

4. The Day of Vengeance—Preaching the Gospel of the Consecrated Person.

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